

Axl could feel the sweat trailing down his sides. How long had he been stuck down here? He gandered that it must've been at least a few hours, but without direct sunlight to corroborate, there was nothing he could do but speculate as he continued trying to escape the slimy bindings around him.

The tentacles slithered around his frame—keeping him put no matter how much he pushed against them. They were slick and wet; their texture was just like a giant tongue slobbering against his body. Semi-transparent ichor oozed out of them every time they moved.

“Just a few more minutes and he'll come. I'm sure of it.”

Mephiles oozed out of the walls. His liquid essence dripped between the gaps of organic-looking roots that made up the strange place Axl had been locked in. They pulsated in unison with Mephile's movements—the globs of tarry, inky goo mounting on top of each, forming the shape of a hedgehog.

“And I'm sure he'll be happy to find you alive.”

“You're not going to get away with this...” Axl threatened, venom dripping from his words—the only weapon afforded to him amidst his bindings being his words. “Silver is going to find me and he's gonna make you pay, you hear me?!”

“Oh, your forked tongue is adorable.” Mephiles cooed. He hovered down to Axl's eye level—a ghastly trail of purple miasma behind him—before cupping the fox's cheeks between his fingers. “And I'm aware that he'll discover our little hideout. I'm anticipating it, in fact.”

“Wait...” Oh. Oh no. He was the *bait*. “No, no! You can—mMMMPMH!”

A tentacle lunged at his mouth. His protests turned into muffled pleas—silenced screams that were overtaken by the wriggling, slimy tentacle slowly crawling down his mouth. As his overstretched mouth remained open, his saliva and the purplish ooze dripping from the tentacles mixed together to form a thick concoction. Axl was preparing himself for something foul-tasted, but instead of a putrid flavor assaulting his taste buds, what splashed on his tongue tasted like sweet nectar.

“Mmghuh?” The shock was enough to make Axl momentarily fall out of focus. Without thinking about it, Axl slurped down more of the goo. The sweet flavor left him completely stupified. Was he hallucinating? Was this real? It just didn't make sense to him—yet that alluring discrepancy pushed him to keep suckling down on the tentacles.

“Adorable.” Mephiles bent down to poke at Axl's bulging stomach. As the fox kept gulping down the mysterious nectar in a mix of pure inertia and curiosity, his flat stomach had quickly begun to morph into a soft pouch around his midsection. “I'm shocked at how easily your metabolism is absorbing everything. Seems that you and I were a match meant to be...”

He gazed at the constant bulging of Axl's Adam's apple. Each bob was followed by a low, rumbling hum from the fox's mouth. Mephiles had played with *plenty* of mortals, and what he

just heard was no mere moan for forgiveness. It was the vocalization of a writhing, begging mortal that had its repressed wishes finally let free.

“My, given up so soon? And here I was hoping that Silver would witness your fall.” Mephiles’ voice shifted to a woeful, makeshift sad tone. “You are an irredeemable wench, but I’m sure that you no longer care about that. The only thing you seek is to fill up that gullet of yours, don’t you?”

Mephiles’ words wounded like jumbled, incomprehensible mumbling to Axl. The overwhelmingly sugary flavor had corroded his mind into seeking mindless pleasure overall. If all he had to reach such a state of euphoria was suck down, his brain compelled him to focus on nothing but that.

His stomach continued swelling forward, pushing his cloak farther and farther. His bodysuit and the cloak above it attempted to wrap themselves around his widening frame. The black, skintight cloth was quickly tucked in between developing love handles and pushed outward by two forming mounds of fat around his chest.

“Hm. No response? Guess it’s time to move to the next act of our little play...”

Mephiles jerked his hand deeper into Axl’s mouth. The fox’s throat bulged as the tendril was forcefully pushed downwards, the nectar that flowed through it dripping out constantly from the exertion.

“G-GUGGH!” Axl whined—eyes wide with a hard enough hock for him to momentarily snap back into reality. He immediately tried spitting out the tentacles, only for Mephiles to slither downwards with even more ferocity. “Mmgh, ghuhg...”

Like a beating heart, Axl’s entire body pulsed with fervor every few seconds. For each beat, his body was left just a little bit bigger; arms grew chunkier, flab pushing out between the spaces left by Mephile’s roots—his legs and ass grew wider, leaving barely space for his body to breathe underneath the bindings—his cheeks and chin began to gain a flabby consistency that left them sagging in the air.

The tentacles continued pushing down, right until they were directly going down Axl’s esophagus. The nectar they secreted dripped down to his stomach, and as soon as one drop landed inside, Axl felt his mind fall blank again. He arched his hair back, hair flopping as it had become undone from all the struggle.

“Good fox.” Mephiles cooed. “Was that so hard?”

He traced his gem-like hand down the side of Axl’s growing face. He couldn’t help but pinch the growing layer of pudge around his cheek, pulling it away before letting go of it and seeing it *smack* back into place. It jiggled for a few continuous seconds, rippling like water against sudden pressure.

Feeling merciful, Mephiles allowed his roots to spread apart to give Axl some space. Like a mountain of jello being uncompressed all at once, the fox’s body *jutted* out forward, jiggling

even more. The movement was so fierce and sudden that his bodysuit and cloak finally gave out, ripping wide open to make space for his burgeoning body. When the bottom segment of the suit came undone, his blubbery thighs and ass spilled out. His gut pushed forward in the same disgraceful way, hanging over his waist and reaching to his knees.

Mephiles retreated his tentacles out of Axl's body, wishing to hear him writhe and grovel. "How does it taste? Are you feeling it course through your body?"

"Mghuhhh... Mgh..." Axl moaned. His man boobs rose up and down as he tried his best to catch his breath. "More..." He begged, opening and closing his hands to motion Mephiles to put the tentacle back in his mouth.

"Oh, I thought that I wasn't going to get away with this. Is food really all that you're thinking about?"

"M-MORE!" Axl roared, tongue dangling out of his mouth. "I need... Need... Sweet nectar..."

Mephiles was ready to torment the fox for at least a few more hours, but immediately, he felt something press against his roots from the outside. Turning his head, he saw that they were being pried open by a recognizable blue glow.

"I'll play with you in a second. I have to do something first..."

Mephiles slithered back into the vines. He did in the nick of time as Silver forced his way into the cocoon. It hurt a little, but he pushed a grunt down as he waited to strike at his prey.

"Axl, Axl!" Silver gasped in horror as he laid eyes on the fat shell of lard that used to be his boyfriend. No matter how hard he shook him, Axl wouldn't respond. His gloves stained themselves with the fox's sweat and drool, but Silver didn't care about that. "I'm sorry for taking so long! What did they do to you?!"

"Food..." He weakly muttered, eyelids only halfway open.

"What? Is... Is *that* how you got so fat?! Did he force feed you, Axl?!"

"I asked for... FooooobwooOOORPH!" Axl's lips pushed out forward, bubbling against the current of gastric air that burst out of his throat.

The gas hit Silver like a truck. As soon as he inhaled that dreadful air, it was like the entire world began to turn blurry. The clear image of the ball of lard of a boyfriend he had and the strange shadow cocoon he was kept in suddenly turned into barely comprehensible blobs of color.

"What... Did you eat...?"

Now that he was stunned, Mephiles took his chance. He lunged at Silver and wrapped his roots around the hedgehog. The dark energy flowing through them was more than enough to suppress Silver's psychokinesis, sapping the mental energy out of him in a second.

“N-no! Mephiles, how did you—”

Mephiles didn't waste any time. He shoved the tentacle down Silver's throat while sending another down Axl's to boot. The gas had dulled Silver's senses just enough for his brain to give in almost immediately.

“So weak!” He chided. “I still can't believe that such painfully obvious bait worked on you, but it won't be mattering any time soon. All you'll be thinking about is how good it feels to sink into gluttony...”

Silver's behind began to be adorned with a layer of pudge. His legs turned lardy while his buttocks began to gain definition, forming into a pair of saggy, fat mounds that slowly threw him off balance.

“Mmpmh!”

His newly formed belly and man boobs jiggled as he fell on his ass. The last remnant of rationale in his mind tried to push one last surge of energy—fingers twitching without him even realizing it—but it was for naught. The tentacles and the nectar flowing through them sloshed inside Silver's belly, being instantly digested and piling more and more fat onto his frame.

“Mmpmmh...” Axl wasn't faring any better. With one final rip, none of his outfits remained sans his cyan scarf wrapped around his fat neck and three chins. His belly dragged across the floor, spreading out his legs to make space for the bulbous mass.

“Pathetic fools... I should've done this from the start!” Mephiles sunk his hands into the giant beanbag that was Axl's belly—earning a tiny squeak out of the fox's muffled mouth.

“Especially you, you big fat mortal. I think I'm gonna be keeping you... and maybe your boyfriend too. I wanna see how big you two can get.”

Concocting more tentacles from the ground, Mephiles let out a mad cackle. “It's time for seconds, boys!”